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(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT NOON.)

A RECORD OF THE THEATRES, MUSIC, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS,
FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE, &c.

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RACHEL.

THE pen hesitates to trace the words; but, alas! they must be written. Rachel, the incomparable Rachel, took her leave of the English public last night, and almost immediately—perhaps even to-day—will quit the shores of England. The play was *Virginie*. It was a triumph—for with Rachel to appear is to triumph—but a melancholy one.

We cannot, without poignant regret, bid farewell to this gifted and extraordinary woman, before whose talent all other talents sink into mediocrity. That Rachel is the most wonderful genius, the most perfect and accomplished actress, who, in any time, has trod the boards of any stage, is our entire belief. In her, and only in her, do we acknowledge the presence of those bright qualities about which our fathers are so eloquent. She is the last of the daughters of night, with the raven hair, the flashing eye, the scornful mouth. An echo of the Grecian song, heard through the distance of two thousand years, yet lives upon her tongue; the souls of Sophocles, Euripides, and Æschylus breathe melody upon her lips, as the invisible winds upon the mysterious harp of Æolus. With her a mighty race will become extinct; when she is gone the voice of the tragic drama will be dumb, and poetry lament its oracle. She yet walks amongst us, but only as a memento of old times. Her face is the lamp that lights Melpomene's tomb in the ancient vault of the drama; her voice is the bell that tolls Melpomene's knell. Though she is with us, she is not of us; her eye, gleaming with a fire which is from heaven and dies not, looks with pity upon her uninspired companions. To her there is no future. She sees the past, folded in its shroud, and with clasped hands prays for her own hour to come. But her mission, which is to sing the drama's monody, must be fulfilled. When the last note is uttered, her heart will break, like the strings of some forgotten instrument, and her spirit fly to its home.

There are yet a few to whom the voice of Rachel is a warning and a prophecy. There are yet a few to whom that gentle form, stealing along the scene like some whited ghost, conveys a holy meaning. There are yet a few to whom that countenance—vibrating with expression more impossible to catch than the hue of theameleon—is as the moon—that,

"Wandering companionless,
Among the stars that have a different birth—"

climbs the heavens with silent step, the weary messenger of change. The moon foretels the changes of the year, and the face of Rachel, of which it is but a pale reflex, foretels the changes of the times. All things must die—the most lovely and the greatest, as the most unsightly and the meanest. And when the beauty and the life that give to that face a charm,

unutterable as irresistible, shall fall away, like dust, and leave a thing

"To make men tremble who never weep,"

it will be a sign that the drama's blood has ceased to flow, that the drama's heart has ceased to beat.

The characters sustained by Rachel during her present engagement have demonstrated the variety no less than the transcendancy of her talent. Whether as Camille, the gentle Roman girl, metamorphosed into a fury by the loss of her lover, her black hair streaming, her deep eyes flashing, her white arms waving, her whole frame convulsed with the intensity of despair and rage; or as the inspired Maid of Orleans, sheathed in resplendant arms, towering in counsel as in battle; or as the soft Virginia, clinging to the rough frame of her stern father as ivy to the oak, supplicating the knife with the innocent uplifted eyes of a lamb that knows not its terrors, shrinking from contamination, as the chaste snow from the kisses of the sun; or as the mother of the dissolute Nero, sublime in wickedness, haughty in humility, ambitious in counsel, terrible in reproach; or as the fate-struck Phædra, sinking under the weight of an unholy passion, distracting herself for that which is inevitable, moved by two opposite powers of attraction and repulse, that torment her soul with their incessant strife, gradually wasting and sinking, until her life goes out like the flickering embers of an unshed fire; or as the wise and beautiful Monimia, enduring the passion of the terrible Mithridates, and pining for the love of his more gentle son; or as the fair Aménais, a pale abstraction warmed into vivid reality by the breath of her genius; or as the spiritual coquette, the heartless, gay, and brilliant Celimene, killing with her wit, and curing with her eyes; or as the passionate, capricious, and revengeful Hermione, who silently consumes her own heart, and wantonly breaks that of her best friend, now all gentleness, now all flame, never knowing her own mind, insulting and humiliating her lover for the very fidelity with which he obeys her slightest wish; in one and all of these Rachel is equally wonderful, equally incomparable. There is not a passion which she cannot express;—love, hate, jealousy, revenge, hope, pity, joy, exultation, anguish, remorse, despair, pride, devotion, contempt, scorn, rage, irony, enthusiasm, all are completely at her control, all are ready to obey the slightest indication of her genius. To her the passions are as the keys of an instrument upon which the impulses of her heart can play it well, as the finger upon the *clavier*. Never was actress so gifted with the accomplishments of mind and the charm of personal attributes. There is something in her face that speaks of another and a higher world than this. The expression of her eyes is indescribable. Her forehead is the tablet of intellect. Her mouth the seat of passion, for

ever quivering with emotion of one kind or another. Her smile has the melancholy softness of moonlight, there is in it that which is infinite, indelible, and never to be forgotten. Her form is the incarnation of nobility and grace. Whatever costume she adopts suits her to the life. In the Greek or Roman dress she shames the greatest ornaments of ancient sculpture; the masterpieces of Phidias would look pale and awkward in her presence. How lovingly the robe hangs upon her frame, as though it could feel the delight of moulding itself into the conditions of a shape of such wondrous loveliness. Lord Byron's line, "She walks in beauty like the night," cannot be any where applied so fitly as to Rachel, whose movements and gestures are the very essence of dignity and grace. Among the other actors in the scene she moves, like Shakspeare's Juliet, "as a swan trooping with crows"—or as a daughter of the skies among the children of earth—or as Una in the forest wilds—

"Making a sunshine in a shady place."

Adieu, thou daughter of the night!—adieu dark prophetess! The silent vows of England will travel with thee back to beautiful and happy France—beautiful because it is thy birth-place, happy because it is thy chosen habitation. Adieu, Rachel! If with next summer thou comest not back to us, the sun may shine and the sky look blue—but the light and the azure will be mockeries—for what is a bright sky to hearts that mourn? Remember, Rachel, that as the delight of having possessed thee is unnameable, so the despair of living without thee is unendurable. Come back to us, then, with the summer, and let the country rejoice in thy presence, the people burn incense at the altar of thy genius and thy beauty.

RACHEL AND JENNY LIND.

SIR,

London, 15th July, 1847.

I beg leave to subjoin a translation of some lines the Danish poet, Oehlenschläger, wrote in honour of Jenny Lind, after hearing her at the Copenhagen Opera, in 1845. They will, I flatter myself, prove doubly interesting to your readers just at the present moment, from the two great stage heroines who have added so much lustre to this season being therein, so to speak, confronted; and although the Scandinavian poet gives his unqualified verdict in favour of his countrywoman, Mdle. Rachel will no doubt find ample reparation in the unbiassed applause of perhaps the only audience in the world both deserving and capable of appreciating *either* of those eminent artistes at her full value; for while the mild and gentle author of *Correggio*, to use a French expression, "fait la moue" at the vivacity of manner which the celebrated actress unites with her deep tragical powers, it is very much to be questioned whether a French "parterre" would not pass judgment upon Jenny Lind in terms somewhat similar to those our neighbours will apply to that amiable, and latterly so much injured lady, the Duchess de Nemours.

Should I have taken liberties with your language beyond those warranted by *licentia poetica*, I claim the privilege of a foreigner—following in this respect the example of an illustrious and gallant prince, whom I am proud in calling my countryman:—

JENNY LIND.

"When shall I see Melpomene again?
'Neath humble roof she sometimes will appear me,
But ah! Thalia reigns supreme; I fear me,
In temples where Melpomene should reign.

Where can I meet her? Whither has she fled?
I travell'd—ay, I travell'd far and wide,
To find my soul's belov'd, my faithful bride;
Alas, in vain a stroller's life I led!

Go where I might, there lay prosaic snow;
E'en at Thalia's voice both lord and peasant
Withdrew their glance but seldom from the present;
Their own image was all they cared to know.

And that alone they quoted true as life,
The beautiful, the grand alike abusing,
With petty things their pettiness amusing,
And children's play they call'd their father's strife.

Then came the news: In the great heart of France,
The goddess whom thou seekest has alighted,
And Immortality from Death required.—
Her noble sorrow doth the soul entrance.

I thither bent my course—the certainty
To meet Melpomene made me bestir it;
I found a Jewess, full of fire and spirit—
Alas! I did not find Melpomene.

In silence down I sat amid the din,
But soon and sweetly my affliction ended;
I saw Melpomene, Erato, blended
In yonder northern Freja, Jenny Lind.

Let him who deems the vulgar of these days
Devoid of feeling, see those vulgar shower
With tearful eyes the garland and the flower
At Jenny's feet, and hear what then he says.

Still hangs our father's harp with all its strings
On Norden's oak; there will it shine for ever;
Then but to play it well let us endeavour,
Melpomene her swan's-song never sings."

ED. TRISFEN.

[We are obliged to our correspondent for his voluntary contribution to our pages, and compliment him warmly on the talent displayed in his translation, which is the more remarkable from the fact of his being a foreigner. Anything relating to so celebrated a man as Oehlenschläger must be interesting; but the evidence gathered from the poem translated by our correspondent of his singular want of judgment in lyrical matters perplexes us exceedingly.

It would appear that Danish poets in ordinary are either very poor judges of dramatic talent, or are wonderfully given to puffing. We cannot well understand by what obliquity of mental vision any possible comparison could be suggested between two such persons as Rachel and Jenny Lind. Were we on a jury *de inquirendo lunatico*, and evidence produced of the "patient" having expressed an opinion that Jenny Lind was as good an actress as Rachel, we should vote forthwith for his committal to Bedlam. A stronger proof of lunacy could not be desired. No man with such opinions should be trusted with the management of his goods and chattels. Perhaps, however, Hans Andersen wrote his life, and Oehlenschläger his poem in a mad-house; in which case we are charitable enough to excuse them, and shall pray for their restoration to reason, and speedy release from confinement. Poor simple men! poor Danish poets!—we really feel for them. What a singular form of mental derangement! We have heard of madmen imagining themselves emperors and even demigods; we have heard of their drawing up petitions to Alexander the Great; we have heard of their confounding John the Baptist with the Duke of Wellington; but we never recollect so odd a freak of lunacy as a comparison between Rachel and Lind, with a summing-up in favor of the latter. The inhabitants of Bedlam themselves would stare at the Danish poets, and jeer at them as "gentlemen insane."—ED. M. W.]

THE QUEEN AND THE POET.

THE following statement has appeared in sundry papers. For its truth we cannot vouch. For humanity's sake we hope it is not founded in fact. It seems to us, in one sense, so removed from possibility, that we would fain consider it a squib, and though affording it room, cannot sanction it with our belief.

"THE QUEEN AND THE POET.—Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, during a visit to Claremont, heard that Tennyson, the poet, was residing near Esher, and that he had been totally neglected by the residents of that wealthy district, not a soul having called on him. Her Majesty and her estimable consort, having a higher estimate of poets than the rich neglectors of genius, took an early opportunity of calling on the bard. No sooner was this kind, considerate, and gracious act known, than all those who had hitherto neglected him hastened with their cards and invitations. Mr. Tennyson returned the whole of the cards to their owners, and left them to feel the dignified rebuke of the gracious and high-bred Queen of England and her equally accomplished Prince."

If the above statement be true, Her Majesty has taught a lesson to her subjects worthy of being recorded in capitals of gold. Can the neglect of the poet hinted at be true; or is it possible that a royal example was required to shew any section of the British aristocracy and gentry the necessity of honoring the greatest of modern poets? If the first part of the statement be veracious we can readily believe what follows. Alfred Tennyson is one of the most independent poets who ever wrote. In almost every line of his glorious works there breathes a spirit of zealous thinking that sets at naught the conventionalities of power, or place, and feels a sympathy in man only as he is endowed from heaven with lofty capacity and the attributes of virtue and goodness. That Alfred Tennyson should know himself superior to lords, knights, and monied commoners, and should spurn with contempt their fashion-forced compliments, none can doubt who is acquainted with his writings. And what cares he, or what should he care, for the dilatory homage of a class, who were never foremost in recognising merit, or genius, saving they were fostered in the cradle of high birth, or high patronage? Hath not the poet, in his own divine words, conveyed his sense of the most sovereign contempt with which he looked upon the lordly and the great shrouding themselves in the narrow circumference of their power and their wealth?

"Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!"

"Cursed be the gold that gilds the straiten'd forehead of the fool!"

We cannot pursue the subject with common patience. Alfred Tennyson may well dispense with the complimentary visits of "birking lords" and demi-aristocrats; and still more, may despise the insane sneers of the *modera Timons* of a *clique* insensible to all that's lofty and beautiful in poetry, while he has the suffrages of the truly great in favor of his magic pen; and while, with all Armida's fairy art, he produces in the feeling heart and thinking soul impressions, though bright, that cannot die.

SHAKSPERE'S HOUSE.

ANOTHER letter has appeared in the *Examiner*, touching the interesting question of the preservation of Shakspeare's House. Mr. Walter Savage Landor's energetic appeal, it would appear, has elicited the epistle. The committee, however, were not deserving the animadversions of Mr. Walter Savage Landor. To the letter are prefixed remarks, by the editor, which we have no doubt are intended as a display of humour. If any of our readers should chance to discover the wit and point of the following editorial essay we should

feel deeply obliged by an early communication, as we love to be instructed.

"THE SHAKSPEREAN CLUB AND MR. LANDOR.—We have received an indescribable scrawl, purporting, as well as we can decipher it, to come from the Honorary Secretary of the Shakspearean Club of Stratford, in reply to Mr. Landor's letter. The neglect of writing in a gentleman's education is a too common misfortune; but societies would do well not to choose persons labouring under this disadvantage for secretaries, or should at least give them the advantage of those six lessons in caligraphy, by which it is advertised that shockingly bad writers can be made to write a fair hand. We heartily trust that the reading of the Shakspearean Club is better than the writing of their Honorary Secretary."

If there be wit in the above then do we write ourselves down fools, for we cannot fathom it. The letter alluded to is as follows:—

"Stratford-on-Avon, July 28, 1847.

My dear Sir, [the letter is unaddressed,]—I am requested by the Committee of the Royal Shakspearean Club for the purchase of the House of Shakspeare to thank you and your brothers for the very handsome donation offered, and also to signify to you the obligation they feel towards you for having so energetically called attention to the subject of their labours—a very happy coincidence of dates showing that the Committee has escaped from the just severity of your remarks, and they would be glad you should know, that since the death of Mr. Court (the late proprietor of the house) they have been attentive to the object, but at the same time have followed advice which dictated that nothing should be done publicly before the house was put up to auction (which the state of the claims on the executors make necessary.) The Committee has learnt with much satisfaction that the department of the Woods and Forests will become the conservators of the birthplace of Shakspeare, if subscribers to the fund will enable the Committee to present it to the nation. While rejoicing at the high patronage the subscription will be under, they feel it peculiarly gratifying that it should have been spontaneously commenced by so celebrated a Warwickshire poet as Mr. Landor. The Committee still hopes that it may expect the powerful assistance of your pen in a cause which has so many claims to your sympathy, and which may be urged most strongly by those who are best enabled to appreciate its merits.

Believe, my dear sir, truly yours,

CHAS. H. BRACKERIDGE.

Hon. Sec. Stratford Committee, &c."

The preservation of Shakspeare's House may now be set down as settled, for it cannot be supposed that any amount of public subscription would be wanting when such an undertaking is advanced. The mode of subscription, nevertheless, must be put forth in a more tangible form, or it may not be made so available as the name of Shakspeare would warrant. People are never so backward to subscribe as when there is an absolute necessity to draw upon their pockets. Let some railway king, who has made hundreds of thousands by his speculations, head a testimonial, and, straightway, hundreds and thousands are subscribed; but let the name of Nelson go begging for money to complete his monument, or stark merit proffer its claim to contribution, and John Bull would button up his pockets, and talk loudly of the failure of crops and the potato disease. Will Shakspeare fail, where King Hudson succeeded?

FLOWERS AND WOMEN.

No. III.

(Continued from page 477.)

"We are the sweet flowers,

Born of sunny showers:

Think, when'er you see us, what our beauty saith."

LEIGH HUNT.

The Columbine.

"The blue cornuted columbine." *(Cutwood's "Caltha Peetorum.")*

THE dark-blue columbine, with its fragile stem and "cornuted" bells, symbolizes a certain sedate and thoughtful grace, which is not often to be met with among the archetypes of flowers—fair women. This is the portrait of her who is distinguished by this species of loveliness:—

It demands the existence of some intellectual and moral

beauty upon the part of the spectator to perceive her loveliness, which has nothing "striking" about it whatever. It is neither obtrusive, nor over-retiring; there is a tendency to seriousness in the expression of her dark-blue eye, but this is just counterbalanced by a slightly playful manner; there is a suspicion of a lisp in her voice, which some pronounce a defect, and which others declare gives a peculiar richness to her words, and a seeming tenderness to the sentiments they clothe. Her manner, to most people, is not very flattering; often, when she talks, she seems to be thinking of something foreign to the subject of the conversation; and, if you say a funny thing, you cannot be quite sure that she is not laughing at, as well as with, you. Yet she never gives offence by her manner; for, withal, there is an air of benevolence in it, which persuades you that she means no malice. Her character is such that those who know her are either perfectly indifferent to her, or like her very much indeed. And this indifference and extreme affection towards her may very well have existed in one and the same person, at different times. A mind and heart, not peculiarly acute in the interpretations of signs of character, might associate with her for a long while, without attaining to a glimpse of her true nature; and on a sudden, some trifle might occur, which would afford the clue, and that once gained, her apparent beauty would be more and more, each day and hour, until it would seem to exceed all other loveliness.

The love she inspires is more than usually great, because her lovers feel that it is a sort of excellence in themselves to be able to appreciate her; just as the admirers of the poet Cowley are particularly rapturous in their praises of him, because those praises are, in a measure, reflected upon their proper intellects. When she loves, she loves very deeply and constantly; and yet those she loves are often made unhappy by her seeming indifference. This is because she shrinks from making a display of feeling, as all deeply-feeling people do. Moreover, there is a strange uniformity in her manner at all times, which renders it difficult to know what may be passing in her heart. In her merriest moods her countenance has a cast of seriousness; and her utmost gravity is always relieved, but made puzzling, by a constant radiance of quiet smiles. But this, although it tantalises those who love her, makes them love her more, for it throws a mystery over her which gives much scope for imagining unseen excellencies. Great love, indeed, can never be, without some mystery to nourish it. And know her and love her and think of her as long as you will, you will never arrive at the "heart of the mystery;" for the fact is that her character is like an "irrational equation," which does not admit of a complete solution.

(To be continued.)

A Treatise on the "Affinities" of Goethe,

IN ITS WORLD-HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE,

DEVELOPED ACCORDING TO ITS MORAL AND ARTISTICAL VALUE,

Translated from the German of Dr. Heinrich Theodor Röscher,

Professor at the Royal Gymnasium at Bromberg.

CHAPTER II.—(continued from page 490).

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SINGLE CHARACTERS IN THE "AFFINITIES."

MANIFOLD as are the regions in which tact can display itself, various as are the relations in which we can apply even this conception, its essence will ever be shown in this: that the person of tact is always able to hit the right immediately, to pick out and hold fast that which is fitting,—that which the reflection afterwards comprehends and justifies as such. Hence tact will be especially at home in those regions in which the important point is the

immediate apprehension of that which is adapted to an end, in those regions which, by their very nature, altogether less allow the laborious mediation of thought to be recognised—we mean, art and practical life. Since all art comprises within itself a moment of immediateness, and every artist, with all his cultivation, rather sees what is right by a happy intuition, than develops himself according to thought, so does tact necessarily play here a great part; since, in doubtful cases it always teaches the artist to hit upon the right with certainty. Nor is it otherwise in practical life. Here, where the moment so often demands our decision, where we cannot, in the first place, by thought, estimate every moment according to its worth, we stand in need of that power which steers rapidly through rocks, which we call "tact," and which from the midst of an abundance of relations pressing upon us, picks out just that one upon which now all depends. Thus tact shows itself as the proper presence of mind in life. This we certainly place in a felicitous, immediate grasping of the fitting, the worth of which, by an act of thought, we afterwards acknowledge in its whole compass, but which, at the moment which called for decision, lay within us undeveloped.

But social life is pre eminently the proper soil of tact. If we give the expression no narrower meaning, we almost always understand by it its relation to social positions. But this is quite natural. For here man, with his whole concrete personality, is involved in an infinite machinery of positions, which, at every moment, demand from him a free and certain movement, which in every moment will be satisfied in all their claims, and reconciled in their manifold collisions. Here tact manifests itself as that "virtuosity" of conduct, which always lights immediately upon what is right and suitable, and peaceably and securely sobers the conflicts which unceasingly obtrude themselves. Here the exercise of tact always pre-supposes a multiplicity of relations, and a possibility of collisions. These it prudently and dexterously avoids, by always choosing, in the varying game of social life, that which is fitting and conducive to its end, and by awakening at the moment that unconditioned assent, which every other mode of proceeding excludes as unsuitable. Since tact immediately so hits upon the right, that it excludes all else,* it exhibits to us only the appearance of freedom and choice; for, in truth, it is guided by an intimate necessity, without reflection, which necessity allows various modes of proceeding to be brought to mind, but yet among the given concrete circumstances only feels out that one, the place of which can be supplied by nothing else.

Although in its appearance tact always excludes the form of reflection, it is still reflection which afterwards pronounces a final judgment upon the proceeding of the individual, and stamps his perpetual operations upon social circles, as full or destitute of tact. Apparently, indeed, tact weaves out of the feelings and their immediate decision, the threads, which it unobservedly enlarges into a delicate net-work, in which one willingly feels confined and captured, because it binds us in the lightest and pleasantest manner; but thought is, nevertheless, its net also, and hence in this it first finds its justification. Social tact now gains its highest and absolute significance in the realization of the *seemly* (*schicklich*). This is its proper workshop, where it fashions the delicately formed sceptre with which it softly governs social life. Here now arises the important question as to the nature of the seemly, which tact, in the form of momentary inspiration, and of a certain, infallible glance, urges and calls into existence, and thus first attains its highest conception.

We shall best gain this by a comparison with kindred spheres. Certainly we shall confound tact, the representative and realizer of the seemly, neither with the observance of conventional rule, nor with subordination to the moral law. Both stand abstractedly in opposition to each other. In the first we merely direct ourselves according to that which society has established, and has unceasingly produced in the circles of social life, as it were as a normal form of external conduct. With the moral law, on the other hand, we resign ourselves to an unconditioned law, which is above all time, and is sanctioned by reason alone. The conventional rule and the moral law are related to each other like the external

* Literally the "other being;" Andersseyn is a Hegelian technicality.

Translator.

and the internal, as the normal form of our proceeding with respect to our most finite and contingent positions is related to the absolute law of practical reason. While the region of conventional rule is a varying domain, in which we bend under the yoke of a power which is without thought, the moral law thoroughly elevates us above the whole sphere of finite relations, and it is by its realization that we first gain our true freedom. In the former there is the abstract arbitrary will (Willkür), escaped from thought, which has taken the shape of a law; in the latter the intensive mandate of reason, which appears in the form of freedom. But there is in social positions a region which neither of these two opposites in practical conduct completely occupies—a region which withdraws itself both from the mechanism of conventional rule, and from the essence of moral freedom. The element of this region is the sense for the seemly, which tact makes manifest, and in the realization of which it celebrates its present activity. Even here it does not deny the character of immediateness, since it always announces itself by at once rightly grasping at the seemly. But the seemly is not identical with the moral. The moral belongs alone to the power of eternal reason; the realization of the idea in acting and in touching the spheres of life which are conditioned by the moral law, is the problem, which it sets before us. The domain of the seemly, on the contrary, limits itself to the finite relations of social life. These it beneficially holds together, these it leads, and secures them freedom of movement, without fear of weakening by collision the strength of their existence. Now the tact which every moment boldly seizes on the seemly is for us that power, which in the most peaceful and cheerful manner solves the dialectic of all finite collisions and of the inevitable conflicts on the field of social life and intercourse. But, although the seemly is not the moral, it is not unconnected with the moral. The sense for the seemly, within these finite social relations always picks out the moral moment, feels it in the invisible conflicts, and solves them by allowing this moment to obtain its rights. Moreover, amid the varying caprice, it conjures up the connecting power of the moral, and with infallible effect forces it upon the consciousness. Just as little as unseemly tactless deportment is the immoral, just as much do these two domains also touch each other. Whoever has no tact for the seemly, is also without the capability,—the fine feeling, by which, in the finite spheres of social life the moral moment may be made to shine through, and may be fixed. But, upon this exactly rests its effect, which is just as immediate, and which never denies itself, since upon a field, where we least expected it, we see the moral moment suddenly and victoriously break in, and the whole region, as it were, illumined by it,—since the mind, here also at a glance, sees sensibly present the connection of perfectly finite relations and positions with the realm of morality. Tact, in these social positions, at once feels the pulse of the moral, and breaking off all balancing reflection touches immediately the most private seat of life, which as quickly reveals itself to others also. Although thought ever and always remains the arbiter with respect to the manifest tact, as it also first justifies the predicate, "full or destitute of tact," yet in making its appearance, in its apparent choice, it entirely divests itself of this, its reflecting activity; it rather assumes the form of a being which is unprepared, and yet hits upon the right with certainty, which in any moment has broken down behind it the whole scaffolding of subtle distinctions and balancings, and hence gives us only the expression of immediate free sensation. Thus tact exhibits itself, as it were, as the manifest conscience of society, the voice of which woman hears in the purest and most genuine manner, and the law of which she most delicately carries out.*

† That nature, in which the clearest understanding and the greatest calmness of feeling are found united, first becomes the natural representative of the purely feminine, by being exalted into the surest guardian of the seemly. By the delicate tact, which accompanies Charlotte's whole being, her clear understanding first acquires its right key-stone, its most immediate operation—we might say its most sexual character. Was it, therefore, the intention of the poet to exhibit first in Charlotte a truly feminine circumspection,

the charming clearness of an untroubled understanding, always certain of itself, it was necessary for her to be elevated into the natural representation of the seemly, and for the operation of delicate tact to be made most decidedly manifest in her. We are certain that our readers will pardon us this digression, since, on this occasion, it is important for us to apprehend an essential element of a character in its deeper significance, and thus first to conceive its harmony with itself and with the whole.

(To be continued.)

*. To prevent misunderstanding, it may be stated that the copyright of this translation belongs solely to the translator.

SONNET.

No. XLVI.

'Twas for one only passion I was born;
But this one passion many forms can take,—
Now through my bosom winding like a snake,
Till by its pressure my poor heart is worn:
Now its attacks are swift—my heart is torn,
Until it seems the very strings will break:
Now it is chang'd to mirth, and it can make
The world a jest, which it may laugh to scorn.
Love is that passion;—in those boyish years,
When others think of nought but heedless play,
It was my doom to know King Eros' reign.
Love was and is my fate, and still appears
Resistless as the power I must obey,
Urging me on to endless joy and pain.—N. D.

THE CLOSE OF THE HAYMARKET SEASON.

(From the Atlas.)

AFTER a season of ten months, the Haymarket Theatre closed on Saturday night for a short recess, the occasion being set apart for the benefit of Mr. Webster. Formerly the season of this little summer theatre had a duration of only four months; but after the lease passed into the hands of the present manager, the period was gradually enlarged, until at last Mr. Webster succeeded in obtaining an extension of his license over the whole year. He is, therefore, under no necessity of closing the theatre, except to give his company a little repose, and to afford an opportunity for renovating the interior. Great must be the faith of a management which, in the present condition of the English stage, could persevere through so long a term amidst discouragements such as never before darkened the prospects of the drama. Mr. Webster has undoubtedly earned the popularity he enjoys, and, whatever may be the ultimate issue of his efforts, he is entitled to the highest consideration from the members of his profession. Upon them he has conferred the advantages of security in their position, advantages which cannot be fully appreciated without some knowledge of the uncertainty, losses, and mystifications which have marked the latter history of theatricals, not merely in the provinces but even in London. A glance at the principal features of the past season will not be without some interest for such readers as still continue to take any concern in the affairs of the stage. We are quite aware how few they are in number, but, on that very account, they are all the more entitled to attention. Fidelity is a virtue when times are unprosperous. During the last seven months of the season, three new five act comedies were produced with entire success—*Look before you Leap*—*The School for Scheming*—*Temper*.—The activity of the management cannot be better attested; nor do we remember any instance in which plays demanding so much care in the details and elaboration in the ensemble were produced in such rapid succession. Of minor pieces, scattered over the season, the list is more numerous, and sufficiently justifies the proverbial reputation of the house for a ready command of resources. The catalogue includes an original two-act drama by Mr. Bernard, and Mr.

* That which is seemly wouldst thou truly learn,
Make thine enquiries among noble dames."
Goethe's *Torquato Tasso* (cited by Rötscher).

Planché's pleasant burlesques, besides translations from the French:—*The Round of Wrong*—*The Invisible Prince*—*The New Planet*—*Queen Mary's Bower*—*Who's your Friend?*—*The Jacobite*—*The Fortune Hunter*—*The Light Troop of St. James's*—*The Young Pretender*—*Story Telling*—*Spring Gardens*—*Who do they take me for?*—There have also been revivals, such as the *Beaux Stratagem* and *All in the Wrong*; which, however they may have fared in other respects, leave no doubt of the incessant labour by which the whole term must have been filled behind the curtain. The outlay for dramatic authorship has exceeded, we understand, 2,000*l.*, in addition to a current expenditure of more than 30,000*l.* Looking at these various items, it is mere justice to say that the adversity of the season has evidently not been suffered to interfere with the liberality of the management. If success has been at all commensurate with the strenuous efforts which have been made to deserve it, Mr. Webster will have no reason to complain. Upon that point we have no means of forming an opinion, nor, if we had, should we feel ourselves justified in giving it expression; but we do know that the patronage bestowed upon the English stage is so capricious and inadequate, that it is quite a matter of astonishment to us to find a theatre sustained with such unflagging zeal. English plays are out of fashion. We believe the surest way to keep people of fashion out of a theatre is to announce a new play. There is a sort of *phobia* in that direction. There are two classes of theatrical exhibitions which alone appear to have any chance of a wide popularity: broad caricature, which makes people laugh at the expense of their judgment, and foreign performances, which it would be the "grossest flattery" to suspect the multitude of really enjoying, but which they affect as a sort of elegance. The English drama in the meanwhile perishes. The highest forms no longer furnish pleasure to enlightened audiences. The age of the "third row," and

"Critics in pit with spectacles on nose,"

is over. On the first nights of new comedies a few literary people, drawn more by curiosity than by enthusiasm for art, may be seen scattered over the benches, and when they have satisfied their first impressions, and seen the curtain fall, and heard the verdict of the audience, all further interest in the thing ceases. The general public evinces even less curiosity, and the fashionable world treats the affair with conspicuous apathy. We are far from blaming the prevailing taste for French plays and Italian operas. Here we get the finest acting and the most exquisite music. But it is a pity that the capacity of the public is not comprehensive enough to take in the English theatre also. If Shakspeare were translated into German, French or Italian, set to music, sung by Grisi, Tamburini, and the rest, and conducted by Costa or Balfe, it is probable the Court might be tempted to visit a theatre in which the great dramatist was thus interpreted. But we confess we have abandoned all hope that her Majesty or Prince Albert, under any other imaginable pressure of temptations, can ever be induced to witness a play native to the soil of this country. The ruinous attachment of George the First to the Hanoverian interest, for which he sacrificed the honour and the revenues of England, was not more decisive and uncompromising than her Majesty's devotion to French plays and Italian operas. That the passion is absorbing and exclusive may be easily traced through the records of the season, which show with what nightly regularity her Majesty graciously alternated from one foreign house to another, and left the English theatre to shift for itself. That the Haymarket should present such evidences of vitality under such circumstances is,

therefore, we acknowledge, a marvel to us. It shows, perhaps, that a theatre of a high class may be sustained without much help from high places, and that the bulk of the people who speak English, and are not ashamed of hearing it spoken, have the power, if they choose to use it, of keeping up a playhouse of their own. The field for the exercise of the vernacular is undoubtedly becoming narrower every day; and we should not be much surprised by and by to find the English drama reduced to a single house, which might be appropriately called "The English Playhouse," as the Italian Opera is very properly called "Her Majesty's Theatre." Hereafter, people will not believe in the tradition which hints at a period when the language of the country was familiarly known as 'The King's English.' At all events nobody will ever dream of calling it "the Queen's English."

DRURY LANE AND ITS PROSPECTS.

EVERY hour brings us reports of the energetic provisions made by Mons. Jullien to establish the new "Royal Academy" at Drury Lane. Among those already engaged for the vocal department are, Madame Pauline Garcia, Miss Birch, Pischek, Reeves (the new tenor from the La Scala at Milan, of whom rumour speaks in the loudest terms of praise), Whitworth (a new basso of reputation), Weiss, &c. &c. The *repertoire* of the new Academy will comprise some of the works of Gluck and Mozart never heard in this country; together with the more modern compositions of Lindpaintner, Reisinger, Harold, and others. Spohr's *Faust* will be produced for Pischek with great splendour. *Faust*, we understand, is one of the celebrated German barytone's most splendid parts. Native operas will not be wanting. New works by Macfarren, Balfe, and Benedict are spoken of, and all will be produced in the completest manner possible as regards principals, band, and choir. We cannot help wishing that the best success may follow the new enterprise. It is impossible that with such magnificent accessories for his operatic department Mons. Jullien can fail in establishing the Royal Academy of Music, or that he will not obtain the best public support.

THE DRAMA AT LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER.

THE performance of old Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, on Wednesday night, by the distinguished literary and artistic amateurs who took part in it, was one of the finest treats we ever enjoyed. This was not our feeling merely, but seemed to be the pervading feeling of the most select and critically fastidious audience ever assembled in the walls of this house. The performance conveyed to us this moral, which accounts, we think, fully for what is called the "decline of the drama,"—namely, that the fault rests more with the present inferior race of actors than with the want of the appreciation of real excellence on the part of the public. Whatever is excellent meets with support, whether it be in literature, in the arts, or even in the ordinary mechanical wants of life. We have hitherto fancied that a patient, fatiguing apprenticeship was requisite to make an actor—that the business of the stage could only be acquired by long familiarity with the foot-lights. This, we now see, is to some extent a delusion. Here we have a number of gentlemen, all of them, with one or two exceptions, strangers to the boards, associated for the noblest purpose that can animate kindred spirit—that of adding to the limited resources, without offending the pride, of one or two unfortunate sons of genius; and they bring to the performance of their self-imposed task, in the absence of previous practice, nearly every requisite which we look for in "well graced actors." Some of the characters, indeed, were sustained with such masterly purpose, that we question whether they could be excelled in the country, or even in the metropolis. Why is this? Simply because the amateurs possess what actors, we fear, too generally want—well trained intellects, and that poetic alchemy which transmutes whatever it touches into gold. Our readers are

aware that the performances were for the benefit of Mr. Leigh Hunt, one of the most graceful and fascinating writers of the day, whose merits the government have at length tardily recognised. A portion of the proceeds go, we believe, to another decayed *littérateur* upon whom fortune has not smiled. The project was warmly taken up in this town by a number of spirited gentlemen, ever foremost to appreciate and to assist merit. In Manchester, where a similar performance for the same purpose took place on Monday evening, there was a crowded house, and the same delight which our townsmen experienced here was felt and enjoyed by our neighbours at the other end of the railway. When the curtain rose, Mr. Forster, the literary critic of the *Examiner*, and the original editor of the *Daily News*, advanced to the footlights, and delivered a poetical address, from the pen of Sir E. L. Bulwer. It is a beautiful composition, and was given with the style and force of a practised elocutionist. Mr. Forster's reception was most enthusiastic, and although somewhat nervous at the commencement, he warmed as he proceeded, and retired amidst the general cheering of the house. The curtain fell, and immediately rose for the performance of the play, with the following cast:—Kiteley, Mr. John Forster; Old Knowell, Mr. G. H. Lewes; Young Knowell, (his son,) Mr. Frederick Dickens; Wellbred, Mr. T. J. Thompson; Master Stephen, Mr. Douglas Jerrold; Master Matthew, Mr. John Leech; Justice Clement, Mr. Dudley Costello; Downright, Mr. Frank Stone; Captain Bobadil, Mr. Charles Dickens; Cash, Mr. Augustus Dickens; Formal, Mr. George Cruikshank; Cob, Mr. Augustus Egg; Brainworm, Mr. Mark Lemon; Dame Kiteley; Mistress Bridget; Tib, Cob's Wife; Wellbred's Servant; Justice Clement's Servant.

Every Man in his Humour is a play which requires for its successful embodiment a number of good performers. The quaint humour of Ben Jonson was finely given. The different phases of the different characters depend for being brought out as much on the situations and the dialogue as on the knowledge of the customs and manner of the times, and herein mainly consisted the success of the amateurs over the professional attachés of the stage. The style of dressing was perfect, and the by-play of all the corps dramatique seemed to us inimitable. Perhaps the least telling part was Mr. G. H. Lewes's Old Knowell. He looked too juvenile, and lacked the tottering gait and garrulous accent of old age; but he made ample amends by the versatility which he displayed in the farce which followed. Mr. Forster's Kiteley was more than good—it was great. None but an accomplished performer could successfully portray the moody, wayward jealousy of the wealthy citizen. Some passages were given with a degree of power worthy of a first-class tragedian. He carried the house with him, and earned his laurels by his impressive and masterly delineation of the part. Occasionally the spectator was reminded of Macready in the tone of the voice, the style of reading, and the manner of attitudinizing. In the scene where Kiteley puts on his cloak and cap to seek his wife, there was a general exclamation where we sat "how like Dan O'Connell he looks." Whether Mr. Forster will regard this as a compliment we know not, but certainly the personal resemblance to the great agitator was very striking. Of Mr. Charles Dickens' Bobadil we cannot speak too highly. It had all the colouring and effect of a practised artist. It was perfect in its way, and kept the house in a constant titter. Mr. Douglas Jerrold's performance of the simpleton, Master Stephen, was unique, and possessed all the rich quiet drollery of Keeley. Mr. Mark Lemon was *au fait* to Brainworm. His various assumptions were all done—so good indeed that the audience could hardly recognise his identity. Mr. John Leech and Mr. Stone also contributed greatly to the enjoyment of the audience by their masterly assumptions of their respective parts. If we do not mention individually the other gentlemen, it certainly arises from no niggard appreciation of their talents. The farce of "Turning the Tables" succeeded, in which Mr. Charles Dickens, in a character of an entirely different stamp, was seen to as much advantage as in the vapouring captain. Had he tried the stage as a profession, he would unquestionably have become as popular in that as he is in his present distinguished position. We ought to mention that Miss Romer, who appeared in the interlude as well as in the farce, sung and acted in a manner that charmed the house. This rising young vocalist has lost much of the timidity which marred her still brief and highly promising

career. She cannot fail to take her place at no remote day in the very highest walks of the lyrical drama. "Comfortable Lodgings" terminated the performances, and the curtain fell amidst the hearty cheering of the house. Although the performances did not terminate until nearly one o'clock, the greater part of the audience remained until the close. Altogether, we may state, that a more gratified assemblage never left the walls of the Theatre-Royal. All the persons in the boxes and pit appeared in full dress, and the general effect was unusually brilliant.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

At Manchester the same performances took place by the same amateur company, on the preceding Monday, for the same benevolent purpose. Previous to the comedy, an address was spoken by Mr. Charles Dickens, which came from the pen of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. The address was as follows:—

If without practis'd skill or conscious power
We dare usurp the stage one golden hour,
And step from stern realities of care
The motley shapes of ancient wit to wear,
No hope is ours the finer traits to seize
Of those whose genial lives are spent to please,—
The plea on which we gentle audience claim
Is not slight talent, but an honest aim;
That aim, though little its success avail,
To cast one grain in Fortune's lighter scale,
And help the World's wrong balance to redress
Between the men who prosper, and who bless.
Alas! The world too oft unheeding slights
The "liveried Angel" who its glory lights,
And while it takes the brightness for its own,
Leaves those who struck it forth, to grieve alone;
Whom sadly shrouded from its outward eye,
In solitude it "willingly lets die!"

As the rapt wanderer o'er some mountain scene,
Sees, 'mid the barren vale, a streak of green,
Where some lone rill embedded in its reeds
Is only track'd by Beauty that it feeds,
So minds which bid the social surface glow,
Expend their silent purity below!

There have been poets whose austere appeal
To distant times, forbade the world to feel
Their excellence in sympathy which glows,—
Chill'd by the marble of its deep repose;
But Nature, sometimes, in her grace has given
To common forms of earth the hues of Heav'n,
And blest the living Bard with such sweet fame
As makes Leigh Hunt an English household name!
Breath'd in the deepest green of lone retreats,
Mix'd with the cheerful music of the streets,
Blest as by southern seas the Pilgrim roams,
And felt in gladness of a thousand homes!
But, of all scenes in varied life outspread,
Through which his genius loving light has shed,
None to our grateful wish such fitness lends
As this around—a Theatre of Friends!
He, if a poet might select a sphere
To feel a people's love, would choose it here.
As to the Pit of other days, he brought
The laws of kindness from the stores of thought;
With graphic art prolong'd the airy stage,
And gave its fleeting charms another age;
So here, where crowds have loved, and wept, and laugh'd
A wish the land will echo, let us wait,
That in life's calm a recompense be found
For patient years by gracious justice crown'd;
And the worn friend of Beauty, Hope, and Truth,
Renew in honour'd age, his generous youth!
And, if the influence of this night should shed
Some comfort on Another's weary head,
Who tinted Humour's shapes with Fancy's dyes,
To make the world more merry and more wise,
And now, by labour for its mirth oppress'd,
Asks for the o'erwrought brain its evening rest,
The Giver's part of kindness shall become
A precious item in the glorious sum
Which Manchester lays up in deathless store,—
And its great heart admit one blessing more!

Mr. Charles Dickens delivered the address with excellent point, and with admirable feeling, and retired amid the most vociferous cheers. "We are happy to find," says the *Manchester Courier*, "that the objects of the gentlemen amateurs have been answered to the full. The proceeds are, we understand, upwards of £400, and as there is every probability of a larger sum being realised at Liverpool, where, though the prices charged are greater, the demand for tickets is great, there is little doubt that at least £800

in the gross will be realised. The expenses to be set off against these receipts will be large; of course we cannot state what, but fully expect that the net proceeds will be full £100. And the proportion accruing to each recipient of that sum, will be accompanied with the pleasing sense that it is a tribute of respect, generously offered by all who have contributed to it."

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THERE is little to record since our last. On Saturday *La Figlia del Reggimento* was to have been performed, but the illness of Mlle. Lind necessitated the substitution of *L'Elisir D'Amore*. The following hand-bill, announcing the change, deserves being placed on record.

"SATURDAY, July 31, Four o'clock.—It is with great regret announced that, in consequence of Mlle. Jenny Lind's sudden indisposition, rendering her appearance to-night impossible, *La Figlia del Reggimento* is unavoidably postponed. To prevent disappointment as far as possible, an extra subscription night (on which *La Figlia del Reggimento* will be enacted) will be presented gratuitously, in addition to the present night's entertainment, on Thursday next, August 5, 1847, to the subscribers, and also to the patrons of the Opera, and to the public who have taken boxes and tickets for to-night, and who may wish to honour the theatre with their presence. Vouchers to be applied for on entering the theatre."

Although there was very little disappointment—*L'Elisir* being a better opera than *La Figlia*, and Lablache's Dulcamara a capital substitute for Lind's Maria—the subscribers and patrons availed themselves largely of the extra privileges and the house presented a crowded appearance on both nights. On Tuesday *La Sonnambula* was performed; and on Thursday, *La Figlia*, according to promise. The ballet performances have presented no variety. On Saturday selections from *Thea* and *Alma* for Rosati and Cerito. On Tuesday *Le Jugement de Paris*, for Taglioni, Cerito, Rosati, Perrot, St. Leon, &c., &c.; and on Thursday Taglioni appeared in an act of her celebrated *Sylphide* with Perrot, and Rosati in a *pas seul*. The great morning papers have offered their *resumé* for the season. Our own will probably appear next week.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

ON Saturday the *Gazza Ladra* was performed for the second time. The attendance was one of the most brilliant of the season. The opera was rendered with still more completeness than on its first representation. The overture was encored, and contrary to custom, Mr. Costa repeated it from the commencement. This was perfectly right, as the march movement is the best portion of the overture, and when omitted, renders it fragmentary and unsatisfying. We trust the Conductor will pursue the same plan on future occasions when an overture is called for a second time. It is quite unnecessary to allude to the principal performers more than by a word. Upon Grisi and Tamburini nearly the entire weight of the this opera falls, and more magnificent acting and singing than theirs it would be difficult even to imagine. The applause they obtained amounted to absolute enthusiasm, and they were recalled together after the separation in the judgment scene. Alboni's Pippo is one of the most striking of her performances: full of *naieté*, buoyancy, and feeling; while her singing in the part is as exquisite as that of any character in which she has yet appeared. She received an encore in the "Tochiamo, beviamo;" in the andante *morceau* of the duet, "Eh! ben per mia memoria;" and, with Grisi, the *ensemble* in the same duet, "Mi cadono le lagrime." This last was as fine vocalization as ever we heard. It was quite faultless. Mario had entirely recovered from his indisposition, and sang with the greatest sweetness and expression his opening aria "Fra questa braccia," and the cabaletta, "Ma quel piacer," involving a fund of florid passages, which were

given by the great tenor with all imaginable ease and grace. We were not pleased at the omission of the beautiful duet in the prison scene, "Forse un di conoscerete," which used to be given by Grisi and Rubini with such immense effect. The second movement of this duet, "O, cielo rendemi," is one of the most passionate *morceaux* in the opera. We must not omit to mention how deliciously the *finale* was sung in its different parts by Grisi, Mario, Marini, Alboni, and Tamburini. The florid singing of the great barytone was quite wonderful. At the fall of the curtain all the principals were called for, and, as the *Morning Post* says, "were visited with the customary horticultural ovations."

The second performance of *Maria di Rohan*, promised for many weeks, took place on Tuesday. The subscribers had applied for its repetition, and the public was anxious to see Ronconi in his great part. Mad. Ronconi was induced to resume her original part of the heroine solely at the express desire of the management. *Maria di Rohan* is, in our estimation, Donizetti's weakest work. It is not unredeemed by snatches of melody, and is here and there interspersed with some *morceaux* of dramatic writing in the composer's best vein; but these occur seldom, and their value and power are lost in the poverty and insipidity that generally characterises the music. The opera, however, had its purpose, as it exhibited Ronconi in a part that suited to perfection his great tragic powers. The libretto of *Maria di Rohan* is one of the most natural and striking with which we are acquainted. The story in its interest progresses gradually to the end, and in the third act rises to a climax terrible, and almost sublime. The chief personage, Enrico, is, with inimitable art, kept in the background until the last scene, when he is involved in passions the most afflicting than can touch the human heart. It is in this scene that Ronconi exhibits his real tragic genius. He delineates the deepest agonies arising from the betrayal of conjugal love, and the treachery of friendship, with an intensity and reality absolutely appalling. The whole scene, from the reading of Chalais' letter, in which he discovers his wife's supposed infidelity, to his entrance after the duel when he has killed his rival, is worthy of the greatest actor who ever trod the stage. After the first overwhelming burst of passion, sorrow succeeds, and the recollection of past happiness forces itself on the mind of the unfortunate husband, which the composer faintly attempts to illustrate by an *andante* movement. This *andante*, "Bella e di sol vestita," was given with exquisite feeling and expression by Ronconi, and produced a corresponding impression on the audience. The greatest vocal effort of the artiste, however, in this terrible scene, was the "O qui mio bene in te sperai," in which he gives vent to forebodings of his future life, and ends with denouncing vengeance on the head of the author of his miseries. The cabaletta, "Si, ma fra poco di sangue un rio," which closes the scena, was one of the most splendid instances of dramatic singing ever heard in a theatre. It excited an absolute *furor* in the house, and was repeated to receive the same general and enthusiastic acclamations. The triumph of the great artiste was as complete as in his first performance of the part of Enrico. He was recalled twice at the end, each time being received with cheers, waving of hats, handkerchiefs, &c. &c. Madame Ronconi, in the arduous *role* of Maria, pleased us much more than on her first appearance. We are among those, and they are not few, who consider this lady to have been unnecessarily overlooked by the management. Madame Ronconi is an excellent artiste, and an energetic actress; and, in parts suited to her style, would, we have no doubt, make a great impression on the

public. Certainly, both her singing and acting in *Maria di Rohan*, on Tuesday, was far more than creditable, and bore us out in the favourable notion we entertained of Madame Ronconi on her first appearance. She sung most charmingly, and gave the "Havvi un dio," with infinite expression and faultless intonation. Indeed we should not desire to have heard it better sung. Her first song, "Cupa fatal mestizia," was also rendered with the greatest possible taste and feeling. Madame Ronconi received great applause throughout her performance. Alboni, in *Armando di Gondi* had little to do and little to sing; however, what she had to do was capitally done, and what she had to sing was, it need hardly be said, inimitable. She was encored in both her songs. Bettini was excellent in the Count. His powerful voice and manly style were heard to great advantage. He gave the prayer in the second act with charming effect, and altogether produced a decided impression.

After the opera the *ballet* of the *Peri* was performed, in which the captivating Plunkett appeared to dance more delightfully than ever. This charming artiste is gaining ground wonderfully in the estimation of the frequenters of the theatre. Indeed we prognosticated as much on her first appearance, when we pronounced, without hesitation, such unqualified eulogises on her talent. Mdle. Plunkett has every requisite for a *dansuse* of the highest order: grace, ease, look, power, expression, and art to amalgamate the whole into one compound of beauty. The fair artiste was immensely applauded on her appearance, and was encored in two of her *pas*. Our *petite* favourite, Marietta Baderna, was as captivating as ever in her Spanish *pas*, and came in for her modicum of the evening's applause.

On Thursday the *Nozze di Figaro* was repeated for the fourth time, and did not seem to have lost an atom of its attractions. The house was crowded to overflowing, and the applause was frequent and enthusiastic. Grisi's singing was the theme of universal praise; and, indeed, we never remember her to have sung more deliciously. It is not necessary to enter into particulars. We have already devoted three long articles to Mozart's opera, and were we to return to it again, should only have to recapitulate what had been previously written. The encores of the evening were, the Overture, "Non piu Andrai," "Crudel perché finora," and Alboni's two songs. All the performers were recalled after each act, and the usual accompaniments of encomiastic manifestations, vocal, manual, and floral, were not wanting. After the opera Mdle. Plunkett danced the favourite *pas*, "La Manola," in which she was warmly and deservedly encored; and the performances closed with the *ballet*, *La Rosiera*, in which Mdle. Fuoco obtained the usual quantum of applause, and the usual *encore* in her revolving *pas*—which, without much verbal straining, might be entitled, *pas de revolution*. To-night *Lucrezia Borgia* with its immense cast will be repeated, and on Thursday *La Donna del Lago* will be produced with all the music, and will contain in its cast, Grisi, Alboni, Mario, Bettini, Tamburini, Marini, Tagliafico, Polonini, &c.

DRAMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HAYMARKET.—On Saturday evening Mr. Webster took his annual benefit, and therewith closed the season of 1846-7. The entertainments selected for the occasion were *The Love Chase*, in which Mrs. Nisbett and Mr. Webster supported their original parts of Constance and Wildrake; the farce of *Popping the Question*; and the favourite burlesque of *The Invisible Prince*. Mr. Webster, on his entrance in the comedy, was hailed with vociferous cheers. He played

Wildrake as excellently as ever, receiving great applause throughout the performance. It is certainly one of the actor's best parts. It is needless to say how Mrs. Nisbett played Constance. In addition to the above entertainments, Mr. Chatterton's three tiny pupils performed a trio on three harps with great effect; John Parry sang "Captain Clifford," and gave the "London Season," in the inevitable *encore*; and Mdle. Adele and Mr. A. Webster danced a Spanish *pas de deux*. After *Popping the Question*, Mr. Webster came forward and gave an address, customary at the close of the season. We need hardly say the manager's speech produced the most enthusiastic applause throughout. The address was as follows:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen—After an arduous struggle of ten months this little Haymarket booth is about to close. The most hotly-contested borough never displayed so many candidates for public favour as have been put into nomination on these boards. Yet, numerous as they were, you have received them all with kindness. If you have given plumpers to a few old favourites, you have divided so many split votes amongst the rest as to gratify the ambition of all. In short, the state of the poll is highly satisfactory to everybody. I beg to assure you that nothing shall be wanting on our parts to merit a continuance of your confidence. Permit me to say, ladies and gentlemen, that this is the only theatre in which, at the present moment, the legitimate drama has found a constant refuge. I have always pledged myself to that course, and it is for you to decide whether or not I have redeemed my pledges. Within seven months three original five-act comedies have been produced, and throughout the season there has been a rapid succession of comediettas, musical dramas, and revivals, all of which have been successful. We have not to record a single failure. I have had the gratification also of reckoning amongst the happiest incidents of the season the return to the stage of your accomplished favourite, Mrs. Nisbett. Nothing, indeed, has been left unattempted to render the productions of this house worthy of your patronage. During the last ten months, considerably more than £2,000 has been expended upon the authorship of new pieces, in addition to a general expenditure of upwards of £30,000. I have endeavoured to do my part as far as the resources within my reach, and untiring zeal in the employment of them, could enable me. But this your vernacular stage has a hard fight notwithstanding. It may be said to be devoted to the pursuit of the English drama under difficulties. Two Italian Operas, French Plays, musical soirées, night ballooning, hot weather, and out-of-door amusement, are formidable competitors. Fashion runs after foreign languages, and leaves the vulgar tongue, even when Shakspeare speaks, to scanty audiences. I trust, however, the love of our immortal bard is not so lukewarm as to suffer the place of his birth to be deserted by becoming the prey of foreign speculation. It is much to be desired that English should once more become popular in influential places, so that those who cultivate it should be allowed to have a little more faith in their mission. But believing the drama to possess a permanent vitality which must outlive all depressing circumstances, I look forward confidently to the future. English comedy cannot perish—it *shall not*, as long as I possess the power to nourish it. Amongst the measures arranged for the next season, independent of the eminent members at present attached to my ministry, are engagements with artistes of the highest talent—Miss Helen Faucit, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean, Mr. Ranger, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, and others, including some new to these boards. Original plays, by distinguished authors, shall be early brought under your consideration, and it is hoped that when the whole policy of our little cabinet shall have become developed, we may calculate trustfully on your support. Relying, ladies and gentlemen, upon the good will you have always extended to us, and hoping to meet you again in renewed health, in the name of myself and the performers, until the latter end of September, I respectfully take my leave of you."

With the feeling of the above address we most heartily concur. Shakspeare and the national drama cannot die. They may be neglected awhile, but the public will surely return to their old faith and their old love. The Lind-mania has done much this season to thwart the success of our national theatres; but, like all manias, this

"Must rave itself to rest, or die."

And, indeed, we entertain fond hopes that next season the Nightingale ecstasy will have sobered down to a more composed state. Mr. Webster has stood his ground valiantly against such fearful odds, and we trust that, in the ensuing

warfare, he will, by his superior strategy, as well as by numerical strength and individual power, rout the Swedish enemy at all points. The manager of the Haymarket may rest assured he will, next season, have no Charles the Twelfth to contend against.

FRENCH PLAYS.—On Monday *Les Horaces* was repeated. Mdlle. Rachel, in Camille, was incomparable, and the tragedy excited the enthusiasm which almost places it apart even among the triumphs of Mdlle. Rachel. Curiace is decidedly the happiest and most artistic of M. Raphael Felix's impersonations. It is an agreeable and finished piece of acting, and in many points exhibits a degree of pathos and energy that lead us to look for something greater from this actor than his talent has hitherto demonstrated. We are glad to be able to add a word of strong praise for M. Felix, a very useful and intelligent member of the company, who delivered the famous speech describing the first part of the battle between the Horatii and Curiatii with great point and earnestness.

A new part by Mademoiselle Rachel, must ever be considered an interesting and important event, especially when she undertakes a character different from any of those yet impersonated by her. We have seen her the modest and unassuming maiden in Camille and in Virginie, the tender lover in Aménide, the arrogant and imperious mistress in Roxane, the unwillingly incestuous wife of Theseus in Phédre, the ambitious and cruel mother in Agrippine, and now we have to record her triumph as the unfortunate and devoted lover in the part of Monime. We have already remarked, in our account of *Tancrède*, that this was a new phase of the great actress's genius, that she is a most perfect mistress of all the mysteries of human passion, that rage, jealousy, and love are all equally within her province, a fact which has been disputed, but to which she has now given a most triumphant reply. The play *Mithridate*, though interesting, appeared tedious from its length, and perhaps from other causes which it would be invidious in us to repeat. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to Mademoiselle Rachel. Monime is about to be married to Mithridate, but loves his son and is beloved by him. In the second act the father has returned, jealous and suspicious of all who surround him, he discovers the love of his eldest son for Monime, and sets the younger Xipharès to watch over her. The scene in which she avows her love is full of the most lively touches of sensibility; her answer when he inquires if Pharnace is the author of her trouble, spoke volumes of reproach and tenderness.

"Pharnace? O ciel! Pharnace! ah! qu'entends-je moi même?"

Je le pardonne au roi qu'aveugle sa colère
Et qui de mes secrets ne peut être éclairci:
Mais vous, seigneur, mais vous, me traitez vous ainsi?"

She then confesses her passion, foresees all the misfortunes which must be the inevitable consequence, and too weak to resist, flees his presence. This was done with all the despair of hopeless love; there was an expression of alternate sorrow and tenderness in her looks which went to the heart, and her leaving the stage was admirably descriptive of the violence of her passion, her respect for herself and her sorrow at parting.

"Il faut pourtant, il faut se faire violence;
Et sans perdre en adieux un reste de constance,
Je fuis. Souvenez vous, prince, de m'éviter:
Et méritez les pleurs que vous m'allez coûter."

In the third act, deceived by Mithridate, who proposes to give her to his son, she owns her love:

"Si le sort ne m'eût donnée à vous,
Mon bonheur dépendait de l'avoir pour époux.
Nous nous aimions, Seigneur; vous changez de visage!"

This was given with the most delightful expression of love and joy, too soon turned into sorrow when she finds that she has been deceived, and has thereby put in jeopardy her lover's life. Her despair is admirably descriptive of the torture she feels, she exclaims, "*Ah, je vous ai perdu!*" How much contempt she throws into the few words to Mithridate:—

"Quoi, seigneur! vous m'auriez donc trompée!"
and again—
"Non, seigneur, vainement vous croyez m'étonner.
Je vous connais."

In the fifth act, she hears of the death of her lover and resolves to terminate her existence, at the same moment Arcas enters with the poison sent by Mithridate, an expression of joy irradiates her features, she sees the end of all her misfortunes:—

"Ah! quel comble de joie!
Donnez. Dites, Arcas, au roi qui me l'envoie,
Que de tous les présents que m'a faits sa bonté
Je reçois le plus cher et le plus souhaité."

As regards the *ensemble* of this part, Mdlle. Rachel had little or no room for the display of those violent emotions, in which she is so admirable; there is less to captivate the multitude, but to us her reading of the character was peculiarly chaste and simple and pleased us as much as any she has undertaken. Her very quietude is pleasing, her sorrow not the less effective because it is confined and, instead of bursting forth, smoulders as it were in her own bosom, and her tenderness and love were depicted in a manner which leaves no room for doubting her transcendent capabilities in these respect. The applause was enthusiastic and a shower of wreaths and bouquets covered the stage.

After the tragedy, Mdlle. Dinah Felix, a sister of Mdlle. Rachel, who gained much celebrity in Paris recently by performing the part of Thaïs in Racine's *Athalie*, recited two of Lafontaine's most charming and spiritual fables, in such a piquant and spirited manner as to bring down the loudest applause. The fables were *Le chène et le roseau*, and *La Belette*. Mdlle. Dinah Felix appears to be about eight or nine years old at most, but her confidence, tact, and humour, are perfectly extraordinary. She has a telling voice, which, no doubt, will become strong and sonorous with years, and an ease and animation of gesture that bespoke the expression of a long habit of public exhibition. The audience were enchanted with the intelligence and spirit of the child—who to make her the more attractive is exceedingly pretty—and bursts of laughter at each point of fun and humour mingled with the incessant applause. The picture was made more beautiful and complete by the incomparable Rachel herself, who in the side scenes was observed to watch the proceedings of her tiny little relative with an intensity of interest that was at once natural and affectionate. Later in the evening Mdlle. Dinah Felix assumed the little part of Babet, in Destouches's comedy of *La Fausse Agnès*, with infinite zest and spirit. The little actress *tenait tête* against her older and experienced comrades, with all the aptness and vivacity of a long-tried comedian. The comedy was exceedingly well acted. Mdlle. Rebut was delicious in Angelique, and the Presidente was charmingly played by the clever and pretty Mdlle. Vallée, one of the most agreeable, intelligent, and useful personages in the stock-company of Mr. Mitchell, and whom we trust to have the pleasure of welcoming back next season. The other parts were excellently played by Madame Grassau, an admirable *duenne*, MM. Tourillon, Duméry, Felix, &c. &c.

On Friday *Virginie* was played for the last time, thus bringing to a conclusion the engagement of Mademoiselle

Rachel and the French theatrical season. We trust that the enterprising manager has reason to be satisfied with the public, as they have to be with him. We have no doubt that success will attend his visit, with Mademoiselle Rachel, to the provinces; Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, will in turn rejoice in the appearance of the greatest tragedian of any time in the course of the next fortnight.—J. DE C.—E.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Translator of the "Affinities of Goethe."

SIR,—I feel sure that the courtesy with which you listened to a few of my previous observations on Dr. Rötcher's Treatise will induce you to listen to a few remarks upon it once more.

As a mere specimen of the "Hegelian Æsthetic," it is valuable to the English student, but I cannot help expressing a sincere hope that you yourself do not coincide with the opinions of the writer as a critic in the practical portion of the treatise. And I speak not only for myself, but for, I feel sure, the greater portion of your readers, in saying that a critical analysis of the work from your own pen would have been far more valuable in a mere criticism.

As a general objection I would point out to you the fact that Rötcher's Treatise is far more an analysis of ordinary life than an examination of the work itself. Nor is this analysis of life one of any great value. His generalization upon the conduct of a work of art as entering into and identical with the actual world—for such I consider the bearing of his Treatise—is anything but that of one practically acquainted with humanity. He is a theorist more willing to apply humanity to theory than to adapt theory to fact. Hence I say the translation may be valuable to the student of German philosophy but fails in its primary object as a critical analysis of the *Affinities*. Of one thing I feel certain, and that is, that he has failed to grasp the real points in which the analysis of such a work as the *Affinities* would be valuable.

As I read the *Affinities* I find their chief value in the intimate relation they bear to the character of the author, as man, rather than in their exemplification of his art. Unlike the *Faust*, the *Egmont*, and the *Iphigenia*, they are an individual exhibition of Goethe's mind and heart and far from an amiable one. Selfishness, moral weakness, and intense personal vanity, are the stains upon Goethe's individual moral nature. They are the stains which not a single principal character in the work fails in exhibiting as primary and elementary characteristics of their own individual natures. Yet these, Dr. Rötcher, when he descends from the mystic attitudes of Hegelian common place (for philosophy has its common-place as well as practical life) never seems to discern. He dissects *Charlotte* in the fashion of an operator who attributes the motion of the arm to the nerves, without referring to the real sources of life—brain and spinal marrow. Hence the refinement of *Charlotte* becomes with him, the quality itself, rather than a mere feature of her intense egotism: her sense of personal propriety, an integral portion of her nature, rather than a mere sophistication, and her treatment of *Otilia*, the result of kindness of heart and delicacy, rather than the result of an intense and, by its action, a most offensive egotism, unwarranted by any study of female character. Shakspeare, of whom Dr. Rötcher talks so much, could neither have designed or imagined a character so perfectly unnatural. Nor ought the man who sketched *Gretchen*, in the "*Faust*," to have done so. The selfishness of woman is more a matter of feeling than of calculation. It must, as it is directed, be either decided vice or virtue, using those words in our conventional sense—for I am not fond of the Hegelian mode of converting the vernacular into a tongue which needs a second dictionary. This selfishness cannot be directed into the channel of mere propriety, save the individual be so thoroughly sophisticated as to render it a mere machine. When it is so, such an individual is not the one to use as an artistic model. These observations would, in a modified way, apply to the whole of Dr. Rötcher's attempt to indulge in practical analysis. Hence, I consider him utterly to have failed in appreciating the *Affinities*. As a work of art they are neither wholesome nor great. As a real exposition of the unamiable modification undergone by Goethe's own mind, they rank next to the shameless humbug of his autobiography. For his finer and purely intellectual appreciation of the passions and mingled grandeur and littleness of humanity, we must refer to such works as the *Egmont*, or *Goetz von Berlichingen*,—for his more abstract philosophy, to parts of the *Faust*. Here the artist is sounder and truer, and his ideas of humanity larger and less deflected from the legitimate aim of all art by his own growing egotism. Will you excuse the length to which I have here run, and permit me to hint, that the addition of notes, in a technical point of view, and still further in a critical one, would make your translation of the treatise infinitely more valuable to your readers.

Believe me, greatly indebted to the kindness with which you answered my last observations—Yours most obediently,

CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

REVIEWS OF NEW MUSIC.

"The Standard Lyric Drama." Part 2.—BOOSEY & Co.

The second number of this admirable work has just reached us. It contains that portion of the first act of the *Marriage of Figaro*, from where the Count first enters in the sixth scene, to nearly the end of the third scene in act the second. It is necessary to observe that the old division into four acts has been followed. The present number contains eight pages more than the last. The pianoforte arrangement from the original score is scrupulously attended to, and every promise held out in the first number regarding the stage directions and orchestral hints, is followed out. The translator and adapter of the words deserves the greatest praise for his close adherence to the text of the original, and the very clever manner in which he has overcome the almost insurmountable obstacles of lingual transmutation. In the publication of the first numbers of "The Standard Lyric Drama," we find every thing accomplished which was required, and every thing fulfilled which was promised.

"The Musical Bouquet." Part xxxvii. Edited by GEORGE J. O. ALLMANN.—Published at 200 High Holborn.

Part 37 of the *Musical Bouquet* contains two favourite songs from *Robert le Diable*, viz:—"My Normandy," sung by Jenny Lind, and "Fortune to thee," sung by Signor Fraschini.—Polka, on airs from the *Fille du Regiment*, and the celebrated Barcarole in Auber's opera of the *Barcarole*. The English versions of the two songs are rendered by John Lane, D. C. L.; the French words are also supplied. A portrait on steel, said to be a superb likeness of Jenny Lind, is given with the present number.

"Qual Mare, Qual terra," duetto, sung by MDLLE. JENNY LIND, and SIGNOR GARDONI, in the opera of "I Masnadieri." Composed by GIUSEPPE VERDI.

"Carlo, io majo," duettino, sung by MDLLE. JENNY LIND and SIGNOR LABLACHE, in the opera of "I Masnadieri." Composed by GIUSEPPE VERDI.—Addison and Hodson.

Judging from the applause following the performance of the above *morceaux* at Her Majesty's Theatre, they would seem to be entitled to the consideration of those who are lovers of the Verdi school of composition, among whom, no doubt, they will find their admirers. The popularity they have obtained is not entirely owing to the manner in which they have been interpreted, since the public taste ranges widely, and in its various selections is sometimes less felicitous in its judgments, than it is curious in its search after novelty. The pieces above named will certainly afford pleasure to the desirers of what is new in music.

"I've a home rear'd for thee," Cavatina, written and composed by J. HALFORD. JULLIEN.

This song displays much feeling, and evidences the task and accomplishments of a musician. The melody is pleasing and natural, and the accompaniments graceful. The poetry is not so entirely worthy of praise. We advise Mr. Halford to restrict his efforts to the Vocal Muse.

"Thomas Baker's Modern Pianoforte Tutor." JULLIEN.

Mr. Baker's work is a complete treatise on the first rudiments of music and the performance on the pianoforte, embracing the entire course of study, from the pupil's first essay to the most refined style of playing. The treatise is a large work containing no less than seventy pages of uniform size with music as commonly printed. It is numerously illustrated with examples and exercises on the various fingerings adopted by the most eminent players, and interspersed with *morceaux* from the most celebrated composers. There are also provided rules for the formation of the hand, &c. &c. Mr. Baker deserves the great possible credit for the talent and pains expended in a work of such difficulty and importance.

MISS MESSENT'S BENEFIT took place a short time since, at the St. James' Theatre. Want of space has prevented our notice of the event ere this. The opera selected for the occasion, was the *Lucia de Lammermoor* in which the fair Beneficiaria as the heroine, exhibited both her vocal and dramatic talents to considerable advantage. We are happy to notice a marked improvement both in acting and singing, since we saw her at Drury Lane Theatre, a proof that her leisure time has not been thrown away. We have now no doubt, that by persevering study Miss Messent will soon place herself among the foremost of her profession. Miss Emily Messent, a sister of the Beneficiaria made, we believe, her first appearance in public as the Duchess, in the play of the *Honeymoon*. She evinced dramatic talents of a high order and gave evident proof of good instruction and a natural talent, which requires but time and practice to ripen into excellence; she was much and deservedly applauded, both young ladies were warmly welcomed by an elegant and, we are happy to say, a crowded audience.

MR. LESTER.—This gentleman, whose favorable progress we have noted from time to time this season at the Haymarket Theatre, has just concluded an engagement with Mr. Barrett, the manager of the New Broadway Theatre, New York; we regret this, as in the present dearth of good actors, the rising talent of this gentleman ought not to have been overlooked by our own managers. Mr. Lester will be a great acquisition to the American stage. Mr. Barrett, we hear, has also concluded engagements with Miss Telbin, Miss Fanny Wallack, and Mr. Henry Wallack.

MOVING MUSIC.—Verdi's new opera is so very noisy, that one of the conductors of the Omnibus Box calls every act a Riot Act; for it disperses every one till the *ballet*.—*Punch*.

LEOPOLD DE MEYER, the Lion-Pianist, as his admirers call him, arrived in London last week from America. It is not his intention, we understand, to perform in public during his sojourn in this country.

MR. GEORGE A. MACFARREN, the Composer, left London this morning for America, together with Madame Macfarren, who has been specially engaged for the New York Festival. Mr. Macfarren and his lady will remain in America during the winter months, and return homewards in the spring.

SHAKSPEARE'S HOUSE.—Since the stir that has been made on the subject of the celebrated Swan's nest at Stratford-upon-Avon, there seems a probability that its price will be enhanced to such a degree, that the praiseworthy object of preserving it from the profane grasp of speculators will be defeated. There are already six parties in the field, determined to buy Shakspeare's house at any cost, and rescue it from the coarse clutch of competition; but they all seem to forget that the more anxiety they evince to procure the house, the more likely they are to run it up, and render it too high for their means to compass. With six Associations all snatching in the most affectionate spirit at Shakspeare's house, there is no knowing what the consequence may be to the delicately situated building.—*Punch*.

GENEROSITY OF GOVERNMENT.—It is said that Government has made a magnificent offer. If the public, by subscription, will purchase Shakspeare's house, the Government will take care of it. In humble imitation of this munificence, *Punch* here declares, that if the country will forward to him the very best gold chronometer, set with the very purest and costliest diamonds—He will put it in his fob, and wear it!—*Punch*.

THALBERG, the celebrated pianist, has arrived in London, and has been residing here for some weeks. He has refused all overtures to play in public.

MR. T. M. MUDIE, the composer and pianist, is at present in town on a short visit, and returns to his official duties in Edinburgh at the end of the month.

MISS CUSHMAN is engaged by Mr. Maddox to perform with Mr. Macready at the Princess's. The lovers of the drama may anticipate a splendid treat.

MR. GORDON is engaged among the new dramatic troop at the Princess's theatre.

LIZZY, the pianist, is still at Constantinople, and has become the rage among the fashionable Turcomans. The Sultan continues to load him with presents, and he is fêted by all the great guns of the City of the Crescent.

CONCERTS.

MR. ROBERT GREEN'S.—We have to apologise for not noticing before now the above concert, which, with other matters, were unavoidably postponed in consequence of press of business brought upon us by the many novelties of the season. Mr. Green's grand evening concert took place on Friday, June the 25th, in the Hanover Square Rooms. The entertainments consisted of the usual variety of instrumental and vocal music. The vocalists engaged for the occasion numbered Mesdames Hennelle, Caradori Allen, Mortimer de Fontaine, Mdlle. Molina de Mendi, the Misses Dolby, Steele, and Williams, and the Messrs. Brizzi, Montelli, Ciabatta, H. Phillips, Brandt, and John Parry. The instrumentalists were, Mr. Willy, (violin), Monsieur Godefroid, (harp), and Messrs. Benedict and R. Green, (pianists). We have not space to insert each *morceau* of the entertainment. We shall notice a few which we have marked for especial eulogy. Madame Hennelle sang the well-known *cavatina* from *Cenerentola* with great brilliancy. Miss Dolby's "Quando miro" was admirably vocalised, and the *terzetto* from the *Matrimonio Segreto*. "Le faccio un inchino," was capably rendered by Mdlle. Molina de Mendi and the Misses Steele and Dolby. The first named lady of the charming *trio* gave the opening *cavatina* from the *Sonnambula* with a style and method that proved her truly of the Garcia family. Miss Williams sang Auber's pretty song, "I dare not sing," as it should be sung, very prettily. Among the instrumental performances chiefest worthy of note, let us specify in the first place, a grand *concertante* duet, pianoforte and violin, by Mr. Willy and Mr. R. Green. Mr. Green is a pupil of M. Benedict and Leopold de Meyer. He is a pianist of much excellence and promises to reach the first rank in his profession. He possesses, in some respects, the facility of fingering so remarkable in his master, de Meyer; to which he adds the steadiness and classical feeling of his other master, Benedict. Mr. Green's performance was enthusiastically applauded, and certainly not more than it deserved. Mr. Willy's artistic feeling and fine execution on the violin were entitled to much praise. The next instrumental *morceau*, which meets our eye in the programme as worthy of encomiastic comment, is Monsieur Godefroid's performance on the harp of "La danse des Sylphes." It was a very splendid performance. A grand *concertante* duet, for two pianos, followed, the composition of Benedict and Roedel, faultlessly executed by Mr. R. Green and M. Benedict; both performers received immense applause. Next on our list comes a grand *fantasia* of Thalberg's, by Mr. R. Green, *solus*. In this *morceau* we were still further confirmed in the impressions we had formed of Mr. Green's brilliant execution and classical taste. His performance of the *fantasia* would not have discredited any executant on the instrument. It is enough to say John Parry sung, to say he was encored and vociferously applauded. We were delighted to see the room crowded to suffocation. It was the beneficeaire's first appearance in public in the important light of a concert-giver, and we trust the enthusiastic reception he met with on all sides will induce him to come forward on a future occasion, proffering the same claims to public favour, and affording the same excellent musical feast.

ERRATUM IN OUR LAST.—The Provincial articles headed "Newport," and "Dedham," of last week's Musical World, have drawn upon us several animadversions. The curious errors therein arose from the lateness of the hour at which the notices went to press, and the consequent hurry of printing. We shall take the earliest opportunity of making the amende in a future number.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE STANDARD LYRIC DRAMA.

Just published (August 1), price 2s. 6d., Part II. of the above work, containing 60 pages more of Mozart's charming Opera the "Marriage of Figaro," with an English Version in addition to the Original Libretto, the whole of the unaccompanied Recitatives, Stage Directions, &c. Thus, at the outlay of 2s. 6d. per month, an annually increasing Library may be obtained of all the best Operas, and the most perfect edition yet published. It is expected that from three to five Operas will be completed in the course of each year.

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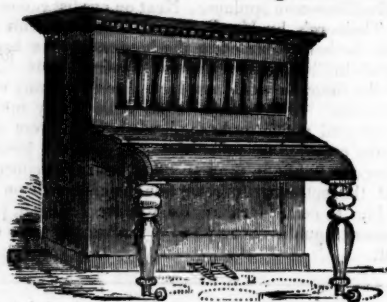
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On **TUESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 10,**
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"Carlo io muojo" (Duetto), Madlle. JENNY LIND.

"Qual mari, qual terra (Duetto), Signor LABLACHE.

"Qual mari, qual terra (Duetto), Signor GARDONI.

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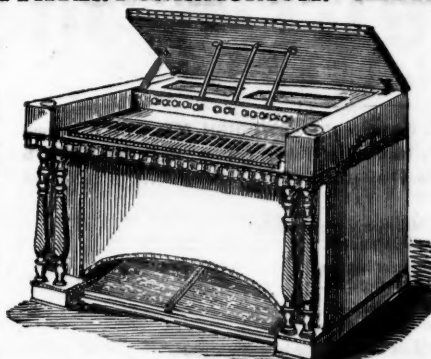
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MUSICAL UNION, JULY 24, 1847.

Resolved, That the Thanks of the Committee be tendered to Mr. ELLA, for the ability and judgment with which he directed the performances at the Musical Union during the past season.
(Signed) **FALMOUTH**, (Chairman), A. P. Upton, G. Cadogan, Saltoun, G. Clerk, J. Clerk, R. B. Phillips, A. F. Barnard, C. Stainforth, A. C. Legge, John Campbell, S. Shelley, L. Parsons.

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|--|-------------|--|
| No. 1.—"Pasture Song,"
Herde Sang, | - - - - - { | "Come hither, my pretty herd."
Kom all! di underli. |
| No. 2.—"Love Smiles no more,"
Tjerran i skog, | - - - - - { | "Hope's light is gone."
Lingt fran dig skild. |
| No. 3.—"The Stars of Heav'n are gleaming,"
Alft under Hemme lens Faste, | - - - - - { | "Above the earth at rest."
Der sitta stjer nor sma. |
| No. 4.—"Pretty, pretty Girl,"
Kom du lilla Fluka; | - - - - - { | "Behold its image in the laughing stream."
Sag vill du blif va nug en van sagod. |
| No. 5.—"The Postboy's Return,"
Skjuts Gossen Pa Hemyügen, | - - - - - { | "Trot! trot! so ho! so ho! away we go!"
Hopp! hopp! se sa! se sa! Lat ga! |
| No. 6.—"Winter warm'd into showers,"
Gladjens blomser Hjordens, | - - - - - { | "Who can spy the peeping snowdrop."
Hör du ej hur andar. |
| No. 7.—"The Sea King's Bride,"
Necken's Polska, | - - - - - { | "On a shore his ocean realm was leaving."
O gvar dvaljs du klaraste bland stjernor. |

To be continued, and to include the whole of the original and extensive collection.

THESE are the only authorised Editions of the Songs actually sung by **Mlle. LIND**, as will be testified by those who were present at Her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday evening, **June 27, 1847**, and heard there for the first time in public. The originality of their composition places them quite **APART** from those songs which have been produced by various Publishers, bearing the name of **Mlle. LIND**, but which have never been sung by her on any occasion whatever.

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|--|--|
| No. 1.—"Every one says it—all people know."
Ciascun lo dice, ciascun lo sa. | No. 4.—"In hope my heart that spot regaineth."
Qui tratto son da liete speme. |
| No. 2.—"We now must part."
Convien partir. | No. 5.—"We, born 'midst the rolling."
Chi nacque al rimbombo. |
| No. 3.—"Humbly suppliant at thy feet."
Supplichevol al tuo piè. | No. 6.—"The world is not my text book."
Io son un uom di monda. |

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